

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 118.

THE STRIKE.

We struck and we beg no pardon for a single thing we did;
Our acts were all in the open, and never our hand was hid.
We struck but for living wages, for a chance to better our life;
We struck for our hungry children, for the sake of a loving wife.
We lost, yet, what a lesson! Our loss may still be our gain.
Our hands are tied and we're losers till we have broken the chain.
And after all it is foolish to strike for a crumb of bread,
When the fruit of our toil is ours, if we only dared to tread
In the path that leads to freedom, straight over the private soil
Of a land usurper claiming a share in our daily toil.
We're cowards, and let us admit it, until we can stand alone
Daring and doing for justice, taking what should be our own.
The slave is not worth the sawing who fawns at his master's feet;
The brave are surely the worthy and tittest far to succeed.
When we are deserving, O brothers, we shall rise as a man, not before;
And justice shall be forever and master and slave no more.
It's not a bad epithet, but here 'mid battle and fray,
Where the "kingdom of heaven" follows the dawn of a better day.

W. J. Martin, in the Cleveland World.

TO VOTE OR NOT TO VOTE.

I would remind Comrade Labadie that it is not a question of honesty but a question of principle whether we should unite to elect Bryan or McKinley or wash our hands entirely of politics. Dr. Tilden, in the "Staffed Club" for October, says: "All men are honest—honest from their standpoint. Public men are abused because of their opinions. McKinley receives lots of abuse because of his policy by everyone who is not in sympathy with it. Bryan is misrepresented by people who do not believe as he does. Politics are the unkindest sentiments that humanity is cursed with." Comrade Labadie admits its corrupting influence, but facetiously remarks that he is safe inasmuch as he is not "good." And yet farther on, in proposing to take the stump for Bryan, he says: "Did I not have confidence in my own strength of will and integrity of purpose I should hesitate to do so for fear of becoming corrupted." Is there a politician extant who will not say the same?

Again I would remind our comrade it is not a question of "integrity of purpose," the question is shall we base our propaganda upon a principle or upon a policy; that is to say, shall we accept some fundamental truth as a basis for our action, or shall we accept a system of measures decided by some party as being best adapted to the interest of the people. Our comrade begins his "Cranky Notions" by giving us the anarchistic idea of taxation which he calls the "paramount issue." He admits that "Mr. Bryan does not put the problem just in this way," but thinks "he would if he saw it."

Mr. Bryan is an orator, and could, no doubt, with wonderful power, apply "that fine presence, that liquid flow of language, that splendid voice," in portraying the beauties of Anarchism. But will he?

I have in mind another orator greater than he, one not seeking political favors and whose circumstances were such that he could and, without doubt, did "see it." But would he advocate it? Not he. What, then, should we expect of Mr. Bryan? I was a great admirer of Henry George and knew that he was well acquainted with anarchistic lore, and knew also that his sympathies were with us. But when he stood for office, and our comrades of Chicago were under sentence of death, did he raise his voice in their behalf? No. For fear that any expressed sympathy would lose him votes he hastened to endorse their judge's sentence. He who puts his faith in politicians

"Leans on a reed to find it broken." Comrade Labadie says: "I believe that the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness should be enjoyed by every human being. Mr. Bryan believes this also." Will Mr. McKinley say he does not believe this? Is there a politician in existence who denies this?

Our democratic friends are quoting this as well as Mr. Lincoln's words "there is no man good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." These sayings are always quoted by the party out of power. When they assume the reins of government the other fellow's consent is never asked, and his "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" becomes THEIR care and direction.

Our comrade says of Mr. Bryan: "He does not go so far as we do in the advocacy of democracy . . . but it is sure that he is nearer to us than his opponents."

Now, is it not a fact that this "nearness" is simply an appearance due to our sympathy for the underdog in this fight. Mr. Bryan as an advocate of government is just as much the enemy of the Anarchist as Mr. McKinley or any other politician. What he as an individual may believe "cave no ice." A master is no less a master because he may be kind to his slaves.

It is always the bad master who gives an object lesson in the evils of slavery.

Our comrade has "very little hope of accomplishing our ideals through the ballotbox; indeed, . . . that no social-economic problem can be solved by voting." But he thinks some good may come, and so he would vote for Bryan as a choice between evils. Well, I never choose between evils unless obliged to.

It is all right, though, to "take advantage of every political campaign to sow the seeds . . . of liberty."

"Proudhon's definition of politics" says our comrade was "the science of liberty." Now, this is just about as senseless a definition to the average politician as the conception of liberty it-

self. If politics mean anything, it means "devising and pursuing measures adopted to promote the public welfare." Webster.

Now, this is done by the political party in power. It is the will of certain individuals clothed in the eminence of authority. It may be tyranny, but it is never liberty.

Comrade Labadie hesitates in "the fear that the advocacy of Mr. Bryan's election" may "alienate more votes from his support than" he "can induce to vote for him." Meaning, I suppose, that Bryan will lose more democratic votes than he will gain from the Anarchists. I sincerely hope he will. I had far rather see McKinley reelected than to know that a single Anarchist had stultified himself by voting for either party.

I notice that many of our self-styled Anarchists get the political bee in their bonnets as a presidential election draws near. The old fealty takes possession of them.

He feels that the politician is after all this liege lord and master born. And when he listens to his rhetoric: "That fine presence, that liquid flow of language, what a power he is!"

"Trust him not, he is feeling free!"

A. L. ELLSWORTH,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

A BILLION A YEAR ON ARMIES AND WAR.

During the decade which is closing the present century there have been over a dozen wars, and they have cost more than 200,000 lives and many hundreds of millions of dollars. The most important of these are the war between China and Japan in 1894 and 1895, the war between Turkey and Greece in 1896, the war between Spain and Cuba, the war between Spain and the United States—the war between the United States and the Filipinos, and the war between Great Britain and the South African republic. At the present time several wars are going on and more are threatened. Great Britain has not yet conquered the Boers; the United States has not yet conquered the Filipinos; Great Britain is fighting in Ashanti, and the situation in China offers all kinds of complications. The nations are spending over a billion dollars a year on their armies and war.—Philadelphia Post.

The man who believes in certain governmental "reforms" is amply warranted in resorting to the ballot to secure them; and the multiplicity of tickets in the field this year should afford him abundant opportunity to express his opinion. But for the convinced Anarchist there is absolutely nothing of value in any political party in the field. Every one of them is bitterly opposed to our principles, and will do all it can to crush us. By voting, whether for Bryan, Debs, or anybody else, we play directly into the hands of the enemy. Comrades, stand firm!—Free Society.

AT RANDOM.

Suppose everybody should refuse to pay taxes what would our officials do for a living; how long do you suppose they would serve their country for glory?

Suppose we had no private ownership in land, what would our courts find to do; how would our mortgage lords, and landlords make their living?

If there were no marriage or divorce laws what would become of our preachers and lawyers? Of course it will never do to abolish their laws, for all these people might become tramps, don't you know?

If it is wrong to steal two horses, it certainly is wrong to steal one, and he or she is the more honest who does not steal at all.

If it is wrong for a man to love two women it certainly is wrong for him to love one, and he or she is purer who does not love at all. If not will some one please tell us why not? O. A. VERITY.

MUST BE LEARNED IN LIBERTY.

The lesson of cooperation in liberty has got to be learned, and it can only be learned in practising it. We shall have to go the whole length of liberty or finally have no liberty at all. You doubt whether liberty can be trusted. I am very sure that tyranny cannot be trusted, and I am furthermore sure that the care of liberty cannot be delegated to any representatives. Liberty cannot be put under bonds to keep the peace without liberty being lost and peace unattained. All the so-called evils of liberty have been the evils of the lack of liberty. We shall have to accept the full logic of liberty at last, for there is nothing under the sun that can be trusted in its place. The lesson of cooperation has got to be learned, and learned in liberty; and the lesson of liberty has got to be learned, and learned in cooperation.—Geo. D. Herron.

Every form of jealousy is hideous to all good people, excepting sex jealousy, and this we have been taught is proper and right. Sex selfishness is a purely brute instinct fostered by society. Jealousy and covetousness are one—they both desire to monopolize and to exclude. Sex jealousy is the most intense form of selfishness that can be imagined. It has sprung up, flourished and grown strong in all Christian countries, because the church has justified the selfishness of love, and taught men and women that they own each other's bodies and souls. Murder, suicide and death stalk in the train of jealousy. The stage for hundreds of years has pictured sex selfishness and all its hellish results, and yet has justified it all, because the people must be pleased. The stage merely reflects public opinion—no more.—Philistine.

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THE CURSE OF THE LAW.

Harr Wagner, perpetrator of the new Pacific School Geography, must have some time or other rubbed up against an Anarchist. At least one might infer this from the following apology for government inserted in his text book: "Until all men live as brothers and follow the Golden Rule, laws to punish the wrongdoer and PROTECT THE WEAK must exist."

If he would only name or describe the undiscovered country where laws do exist for this purpose he would prove himself to be the greatest geographer of the age. But he seems to accept without question the absurdly false belief that has come down the corridors of time from the period of primitive barbarism that laws are administered for philanthropic purposes. If he had any real knowledge or appreciation of the principles that constitute the golden rule—if he ever had studied seriously and intelligently into the origin and operation of law—he would know that law does not, and never—well, hardly ever—did exist for the purpose of punishing the wrongdoer and protecting the weak. The general purpose of law is obviously the opposite of this. It is intended to rob, oppress and plunder the weak and protect the doers of this wrong in the stolen property acquired in the doing of it.

But note further that in the quoted sentence he admits all that Anarchists claim. He admits that if men would live as brothers, and follow the golden rule, that laws would be unnecessary. Then why is it that people don't do this? Why is it that the laws are not made with a view to preparing people to live as brothers and follow the golden rule?

The whole present system of law and government is an evolution from primitive barbarism. It is an expression of the brutal and selfish animal instincts of the original savage. Among primitive savages the most brutal and ruthless naturally and necessarily became chief because strength and brutality were the qualifications required. Among savage chiefs the most savage and powerful became kings. The chief was the most successful murderer and robber in the tribe in an age when murder and robbery were the most honorable occupations. Among chieftains, whose chief distinction was the ability to kill and rob their weaker fellows, the most distinguished became kings. Among kings, whose glory was gained on red fields of carnage, the most glorious became emperors or king of kings. Chiefs, kings and emperors, being the most eminent criminals and law-breakers, in the very nature of things became the original law makers. This is the origin of law. Laws made and enforced by the worst criminals necessarily perpetuate crime. Men cannot live as brothers, and cannot follow the golden rule till the curse of the law at present existing is removed. The application of the golden rule to

the affairs of life would abolish all existing forms of law and government. The present system of law does not, and cannot, tend to make men better or more virtuous. It tends to make them worse, and that all men are not criminals is not due to the operation of the law but due to the fact that law has not wholly demoralized them. Whatever goodness we have is derived not from legal enactments but exists in spite of them.

J. L. JONES.

P. S.: A little further on in the Wagner geography I find the following extraordinary statement: "The Christian religion has furnished to the world many of its finest buildings, and high examples of ideal manhood and womanhood." As a "high example" of literary misconstruction this sentence is worth embalming. But yet, if this pacific geography should have the effect of setting the pupils to study the text books for errors in grammar and errors in fact, instead of for reliable information, it may not have been created altogether in vain.

J. L. J.

C.C. MOORE ACQUITTED.

The recent victory over Comstockism shows what can be done by a well-directed effort to resist the encroachments upon human rights by pseudo-moralists who, in their ignorance of human nature, think that invasive laws are all that is needed to free this world from what they choose to stigmatize as blasphemy and obscenity. That these would-be keepers of their brothers met a well-merited rebuke for their officiousness when Judge Evans dismissed the trumped-up charges against C. C. Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, is a matter for congratulation by every lover of freedom, and especially the defense committee who so persistently pleaded for help to defeat the rank injustice heaped upon a fellow being whose only offense was that of publishing a satirical exposition of a popular fallacy. While it is to be regretted that Mr. Moore's aggressiveness kept aloof many professed champions of secularism, it is to be hoped that this victory will teach them, as well as all other would-be reformers, the vital lesson of the importance of energetically defending every writer and speaker who has convictions and the moral courage to stand by them. It matters not whether we are in accord with the views presented, it is an imperative duty to uncompromisingly resist every attempt to stifle free speech or a free press, and in doing this, moral and material aid should be as spontaneous and free as the rays of sunlight, until a successful defense is an accomplished fact, not only before the lower courts but, if need be, before the highest tribunal in the land. No stone should be left unturned to force the conviction upon the minds of the advocates of hypocrisy that we will no longer supinely fold our hands and see honest men railroaded to a felon's cell, as was done in the case of Bennett, Heywood, Harman, Berrier and Pope.

No one conversant with "Comstock" methods of invasion will for a moment doubt that Mr. Moore would have been tried and convicted had he been left to fight this case single handed; nor do I believe Mr. Moore would have been released had he been the possessor of an adequate sum to defray the expenses, or that the fund raised for that purpose

was the power that foiled the nefarious scheme. However useful these dimes, quarters and dollars in such a contest, they counted as naught when compared with the generous sentiment, the honorable motive, the sterling integrity, the loyalty to truth and justice of the senders.

Let us not be deceived by this signal victory. The enemy is not vanquished—only its vanguard is routed for a time—slunk into its own pestilential atmosphere to poultice its wounds, and nurse its venom, while concocting other raids upon reform. Then let us prepare to meet the enemy and give battle till it will no longer be a crime to be truthful in denouncing wrong when and wherever found.

TO THE READER.

Between 750 and 1,000 of these little sheets are sent over the United States and a few to other countries. What for? Reader, this age is face up to the Sphinx, and is asked a question, which it must answer or perish. The question will be answered either by bloodshed or by a well-worked-out plan that will uproot the many evils of the past gradually. This paper may fall into the hands of some who understand our aims and may agree with us; if so, to those I would say write to us and tell us your ideas and how you think they will be brought about. You ought to do what you can to spread ideas that are sure to make mankind happier.

It may be that some will read this paper who have heard little or nothing of the ideas we are endeavoring to spread among the people. Friend, do not cast this aside and speak desirously. We are not in this business for money. We run this paper at a loss financially every week, but it will run. Surely, you must see that we believe we are right. Fanatics! you exclaim. Yes, but all persons who have started any new ideas have been called fanatics. We are honestly endeavoring to answer the question of how to better the condition of humanity. We have not an idea that we cannot abandon when it becomes apparent that it is not a good one.

For the good of humanity kindly investigate this great question. Write to us about our experiment here and tell us any ideas you consider erroneous. Reason with us; we are reasonable beings and desire what is best for all. We are working to get another press and when we secure it we will be enabled to send out more papers than we do.

If you desire information, or your questions answered by letter, don't forget to inclose a stamp for reply. Above all, write to us either to encourage us or to show us where we are wrong.

G. H. ALLEN.

ONE LITTLE DISCONTENT.

The following was sent to the editor of the Berkley Gazette—or his waste paper basket!

Out of 15,000 inhabitants of Berkley—more or less—14,999—more or less—have been content to allow two stations on the S. P. Broad gauge to remain all these years without proper designation; the two following letters will explain how one inhabitant was discontented with such conditions and caused them to be corrected. The Berkley Gazette, of May 5, 1900, with its usual Republican venom thus described said individual:

"Addled brain 'esteemed anarchist citizen';" "he should not be allowed to roam at large in a civilized community, because of the danger of poisoning the minds of the younger people and the doing of much damage to the cause of law and order;" "the negative of all things good and reasonable;" "the 'fermister' of the race;" "unnatural monstrosity;" "without responsibility;" "irresponsible defamer;" "bull Anarchist, being a natural born insult to humanity;" "compound Jones;" "insane citizen."

July 20, 1900.

Collis P. Huntington, care T. H. Goodman, S. P. R. R.

To avoid daily annoyance will you allow me to paint the names on your stations at Sixteenth street and B street. Sixteenth street certainly has its name on the far side, but not on the sides facing the mole or the track; B has none inside or out, and such carelessness, meanness, or damned indifference to the convenience of the people who supply you with the dollars for which you live tends to upset my peace of mind.

Your reply will oblige.

J. A. KINGHORN-JONES.

President H. E. Huntington, S. P. R. R.

I enclose copy of letter sent to Collis P. Huntington July 20 last. A name board was put up at 16th street station, on the 8th instant, facing the track—of course, only a coincidence. Now a similar coincidence should happen to B street, and oh! let it be soon, for I have been annoyed by this lack of common decency for these five years. And be it remembered that, although the names of stations are supposed to be called out, there are passengers who cannot hear, and others who cannot ask, and, moreover, the deaf and dumb asylum is situated on this branch of your line. Will you? or may I paint the name on B street?" J. A. KINGHORN-JONES.

B street station was properly designated on September 24 for the first time since it was called into being.

No one knows what they can do unless they try.

K.J.

San Francisco.

IMPOSSIBLE UNITY.

The internal strife in the Socialist camp is interesting. It shows that no party—however much it prides itself on orthodoxy, and the orthodox Catholic is as water to the wine of the orthodox Socialist—escapes the law of difference. There is no unity in the world, and never can be, based on authority. The moment you erect authority into a system, the human mind revolts. The only possible unity in the world lies in the recognition of liberty, because this allows of every natural difference—only excepting the institution of compulsory authority which means the attempt to abolish difference.

Both in Germany and in France the orthodox Socialists and the opportunist Socialists are at war with each other. The orthodox Socialists fighting for nationalization of everything—the extreme spirits even declaring that faculties should be nationalized, that they are a social product, and therefore do not rightly belong to the individual; while the opportunist or moderate Socialists are trying to retain certain modicum of human liberty. For example, some of the German Socialists have been voting for free trade, which is the deadly enemy of Socialism, properly understood, and some have been opposing the nationalizing of railways and waterways.—Free Life, London.

"Labor does not need charity. What it does need, and must have, is justice."

DISCONTENT

"JUNO."

When I began writing the radical story "Chains" it was from no desire to hide my identity from the readers of DISCONTENT that the nom de plume, "Juno," was chosen, but for a reason that concerned one or two friends; a reason that need not be made public, but now that it is no longer necessary, and as I dislike everything that savors of deceit, I answer the question, "Who is Juno?" by giving her address:

NELLIE M. JERAULD,
South Calera, Ala.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

What consternation when the letters reached the farm!

"That is just like Ida, to sacrifice herself for others," the father said while his lip quivered and his voice shook.

"We will hope for the best, Andrew," Aunt Marian said while she laid her hand over his.

"The dear, noble girl!" exclaimed Jennie, "we must write her bright, cheery letters, and not a word of fear must go in."

But her face was white and drawn, and when she was alone with Rollin the tears and sobs had their way.

"Oh, Rollin, is it not awful? I feel that it is a needless sacrifice, and I almost wish she had—no, I don't, either. I would not want her to desert anyone in need."

Andrew could not understand what was the matter except that mama had found some old lady that was very sick, and that they all thought she was a grand woman because she was going to take care of her.

"I'm sure I would look happy if I thought so, and not look so sick as Aunt Jennie did and as awful as Papa James looked. Anyhow, mama wrote me a nice letter, and Aunt Jennie says for me to keep it always, and I'm going to." All this was told to Snowflake when he went to feed her.

James took Ida's letter to his room and read it there. The tears rained down his face as he read the words of love and realized what he had lost.

"Oh, my darling, I was never worthy of you. What a coward, what a fool, I have been. God grant that it be not too late to prove that I am a man and worthy of such love as this."

There was little sleep in the house that night. All the long hours James walked the floor. He was thinking over the past, of his desertion of Ida, of her courage and noble womanhood, and of their boy. At last his resolve was taken. As soon as it was light he went to Rollin's room and told Rollin he wanted to speak to him and Jennie. When Jennie came in he told them that he felt he must go to Ida.

"I cannot be satisfied; it will kill me to stay here," he said.

"They will not let you see her, and I do not see what good you can do by going," Rollin replied.

"I will see that she has everything she needs. I can see to the food, that she has fruit, ices and everythings she needs," and he humbly added, "it may be that

the knowledge that I am near her may be a comfort. I have been a thoughtless, selfish man, and have taken no thought for anyone but myself. I have faced my conscience all night, and if the judgment day is any worse—"

"He is right, Rollin; his place is near Ida."

"I know it, Jennie; if it were you nothing could keep me away. Go, and let us bear from you often."

There were some protests from the rest of the family, but soon they agreed that it was the best thing to do.

"I'll bring mama back with me, my son," said James, gravely, as he lifted up the boy and gave a long, loving look into the dark eyes so like his own.

While driving to the depot James said to Rollin:

"I have actually thought myself an honorable man, and a pure one, because I would not live with Ida without a ceremony, and I have really considered myself much above the rest of the family because I held aloof from your liberal views. I now see that I was a narrow-minded, bigoted man. I have seen things in a different light for some weeks, but Ida's letter has taken the scales from my eyes. I know that such love as hers can be only pure and noble, and no ceremony nor legal paper could make it any different."

"We all need lessons; some have harder ones than others, but, sooner or later, we all reach the same place. Ida is a grandly beautiful woman, both physically and mentally, and you have just as noble traits as she has, but it takes adversity and trouble to bring out the best."

The train was reached, and, after a warm handelasp, the men parted. All too slowly moved the train, and it seemed weeks instead of days ere James reached his destination. From the depot he went to Dr. Raymond's office.

"Are you Dr. Raymond?" James inquired.

"Yes, sir; what can I do for you?"

"I am a friend of Miss Crawford, who is nursing Miss Gaskell."

"Oh, well, Miss Gaskell is still alive, but I do not think she can live much longer. Miss Crawford has a good assistant, and is doing very well, but she is growing pale from the confinement."

James got the address of the place, and then told the doctor that he would like to send a letter when he made his next visit.

"Very well, I will take anything you wish to send," the doctor replied.

James then went to the hotel and wrote a long letter to Ida. No need to try and choose words; he wrote what was in his heart. He told her of his sorrow for the past, of his great love for her and their boy.

"I could not stay so far from you and have come as near as they will let me. I will stay here until you can go away with me. Every day you will get a letter from me. If you need anything let me know."

When the doctor made his visit he carried a basket of fresh fruit and the letter. That night as Ida stood at the window looking at the bright moonlight, and thinking of the dear one so near, a pebble was thrown on the window pane. Looking down she saw James. Though no word could pass between them it was a comfort to her to know that he was

there, and she nodded and smiled and waited a kiss in answer to his.

The doctor said there was a little change in the patient. "She may return to consciousness. In that case it will be better for her to see Miss Crawford, for a strange face may excite her. But she cannot live; her age and low vitality preclude recovery. I am surprised that she has lived so long, it is simply because she has received the best of care." And the doctor, who was given to analyzing many of the vital questions, wondered to himself if it would not have been more humane to let her die quickly, to have given her something to ease her pain but not keep her alive. "How strange it is that we all try to keep life in even the most worthless of human beings. There is that old drunken sot down at that low tavern that I have been working to keep alive all these weeks just as conscientiously as though his life was really valuable, and when he is alive he makes anything but a heaven for that poor broken-down wife of his, and his children all fear him. Oh, well, these difficult questions will all be settled some day, or if they are not they should be. I know this for a certainty, however, that it would have been a great deal better to let that old lady die than to have Miss Crawford take that disease. I had thought that I would see what I could do in that quarter, but now this man has come there is no chance for me. How she brightened, and how lovely she looked after I took in that fruit and that letter. Well, he is a handsome man and I hope he is worthy of her."

And so meditating, half aloud, the doctor walked his office, waiting for the sign which he felt sure would come. "If Miss Gaskell changes in any way place a lamp in the window and I will come immediately," he had said. Ida was sitting near the bed watching the flushed, bloated face; the nurse was sleeping; the time came to administer the medicine and Ida bent over the sufferer, but instead of the closed eyes or meaningless stare she saw the wide-open eyes with the clear look of reason. "Who are you?" was feebly asked.

"I am Ida Crawford; you have been sick and I have been taking care of you."

"Yes, I remember Ida Crawford. You are kind indeed. I would thank you for a drink."

Ida brought the water, gently raised the sufferer, placed the glass to her lips, laid her down and put the lamp in the window. Then she awakened the nurse and went to the bed, but Miss Gaskell was murmuring of schooldays and of broken rules. Ida listened with a sad smile as she thought of the oft-repeated quotation, "the ruling passion strong in death." The doctor came and said "the end is near."

At 8 a. m. Miss Gaskell ceased to breathe. A few moments before she had called out in stern tones, "Young ladies, I will expect you in my private reception room at half past seven. I will meet you." These were her last words. She was carried out and buried as quickly as possible. The next day the room was fumigated, disinfected and freshened.

"Miss Crawford must remain there nine days. I do not think there is any danger, but should she take the disease my cousin will nurse her and she will have the best of care."

James said nothing when the doctor told him this, but that evening when Ida and Miss Raymond were talking over the future, and how they could best pass away the time, there was a knock at the door, and when Ida opened it there stood James Bryington.

"Oh, James, do not expose yourself."

Without a word he stepped in, and taking Ida in his arms he kissed her on her lips, cheeks and forehead, and then laughingly said:

"I have been exposed all that is possible; my place is here with you and I am going to stay. If you are sick I will take care of you. No one has a better right."

Miss Raymond went home and Ida and James were quarantined together. Food was brought to them and the doctor called every day.

"For nine days we will be unmolested, and for the first time in our lives we are alone and can have each other day and night." They came to a complete understanding.

"I do not think you will have the disease, for all precautions have been taken, but, dear Ida, I felt that I would rather die with you than live without you," and at last Ida was satisfied with the love that had come to her. They were very quiet as the eighth day passed and the ninth one came. They did not need to talk, for they seemed to read each other's thoughts. The night of the eighth day the doctor made his visit and said:

"I do not think I can claim you as a patient much longer, for your temperature and pulse are normal. You have no aches and pains?"

"None whatever, doctor."

When the doctor left he said:

"I hope she will escape it, but I don't like the looks of her eyes, they are too heavy; it may be the nervous strain, however."

The next evening when the doctor made his visit he found two very radiant young people and he said to them:

"All danger is over now and you may go."

A telegram was sent to Fairview farm, and there was rejoicing there. Dr. Raymond had written them letters and told them of "Bryington's foolhardy conduct," but those at the farm said he did right. After a few days of recreation the two united ones started for home.

"I never knew how sweet life was until I thought I would have to lose it," said Ida as she sat with her head on James' shoulder and his arms around her.

"And I never knew how dear you were to me until I thought I was going to lose you. I needed that lesson, my darling, but it was a terrible one."

"It is all right now, James. I will always treasure the memory of those nine days of waiting. Filled with anxious dread as they were they were priceless."

James made no answer, but clasped her tighter as though he feared that she yet might be lost to him.

(To be continued.)

Love and wisdom are coordinates, and always go together. The fact that the competitive system destroys the love of the neighbor is proof that there is no wisdom in it.—Flaming Sword.

Woe to the man who wishes to be a parasite, for he will be a vermin.—Hugo.

DISCONTENT

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

It would be well for those writing to us to put the county (Pierce) on their letters, as several have been sent back to the writers marked "No such postoffice."

The launch went to Burley on Sunday to take the Cooperative Brotherhood band to Tacoma on their way to Portland, Ore., where a series of concerts will be given.

Mrs. O. K. Smith has been with us for nearly two weeks and is anxious for the weather to clear a little in order that she may get her tent up and made comfortable for the winter. She will build in the spring.

Olive and Willie Larkin have been confined to the house for the past ten days with the fever that has been running through the family. As all the members of the family have now had a turn at the disease they may safely hope for a respite from sickness for awhile.

We had a good program at the literary last Thursday evening—one of the best we have had for some time. There seem to be few evenings in the week that one could not go to some gathering. It would be the same if there were eight evenings instead of seven in the week.

We had a very pleasant visit last week from A. Peterson, of San Francisco. He came unannounced, but who could receive him any other way than heartily. The children and teachers of our school will long remember his kindness. We hope to have him with us one of these days.

We hold out the glad hand when people come along who are with us in thought, and we do not put any restrictions on persons who are not Anarchists, but it would be much pleasanter for us, as well as themselves, if they stayed where they are till they have become accustomed to the idea of letting everyone do as he or she pleases at his or her own cost.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 72 people here—21 men, 19 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

RECEIPTS.

Atkinson \$1, Roberts 50c, Duggan 50c, Steen 25c, Markert 10c.

ITALIAN WORKERS' CONDITION.

On Sunday, September 2, by invitation of The Cosmopolitans Comrade Malatesta gave an address on "Anarchism and Crime." The room was crowded some time before the proceedings were opened. Malatesta gave us a brief statement of the general condition of the Italian workers—unable to buy bread, it being 5d. a loaf and wages 7d. a day; and the multi-millionaire Saint Humbert, lately deceased, who protected and countenanced the bank thief Crispini, while sending troops to dragoon into submission the workers who wanted a little more pay. Humbert did not mind the workers killing each other, but when some Italian comrades formed an association for the discussion of social questions, the members of which were pledged not to carry knives or other deadly weapons generally carried by Italians in Italy, the government dissolved it as imperiling the maintenance of order, etc. The police, too, were allowed a wide indiscretion; they tolerated no liberty of press or public meeting, they would even arrest a man who looked sympathetic, and it was not wonderful under these circumstances that Humbert—in whose name this was done—came in for a little attention occasionally. Malatesta then gave a summary of Anarchist principles.—Freedom, London.

Life is but a daily oscillation between revolt and submission, between the instinct of the ego, which is to expand, to take delight in its own tranquil sense of inviolability, to triumph in its own sovereignty, and the instinct of the soul which is to obey the universal order.—Amiel's Journal.

Unless it is gained through deceit, the love of a free woman for a man may be expected to last through life, as it need not be extinguished for the sake of any other affection.—Ruedebusch.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 700 Sunny-side ave.

Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.

VIEWS OF HOME.

1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899, and the other in 1900, showing improvements
 2. Claw Digging.
 3. Boat and Beach Scene.
 4. Across the Bay.
 5. Rocky Point.
 6. King Residence.
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 8. Adams Residence.
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 Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted, 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

FREE SOCIETY, an advocate of Anarchist Communism, 50 cents a year. 236 Clinton Park, San Francisco, Calif.

MY CENTURY PLANT—By Lois Waisbrooker—So-called because so much in advance of the time that only thinkers will appreciate. Written under the influence of an adept of old Atlantis. Shows the law of regeneration, of materialization, the root of church power, and how to free the earth of sex disease. A remarkable book. Price \$1. For sale by Lois Waisbrooker, 1501 1/2 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS FOR SALE BY DISCONTENT

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Moribund Society and Anarchy. By Jean Grave.	25
Anarchy. By Enrico Malatesta. Is It All a Dream. By Jas. F. Morton, Jr.	10
God and Government: The Siamese Twins of Superstition.	05
The Chicago Martyrs; The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists in Judge Gary's Court, and Aligeld's Reasons for Pardoning Fielden, Neebe and Schwab.	25
Five Propaganda Leaflets on the Sex Question.	10
Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs. What the Young Need to Know. E. C. Walker.	30
The Revival of Puritanism. E. C. Walker.	10
Variety vs. Monogamy. E. C. Walker.	10
The Evolution of the Family. Jonathan Mayo Crane.	03
Marriage and Morality. Lillian Harman.	05
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ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION AND AGREEMENT OF THE MUTUAL HOME ASSOCIATION.

Re it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the member to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be compelled to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that _____ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy for life of lot _____ block _____, as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

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